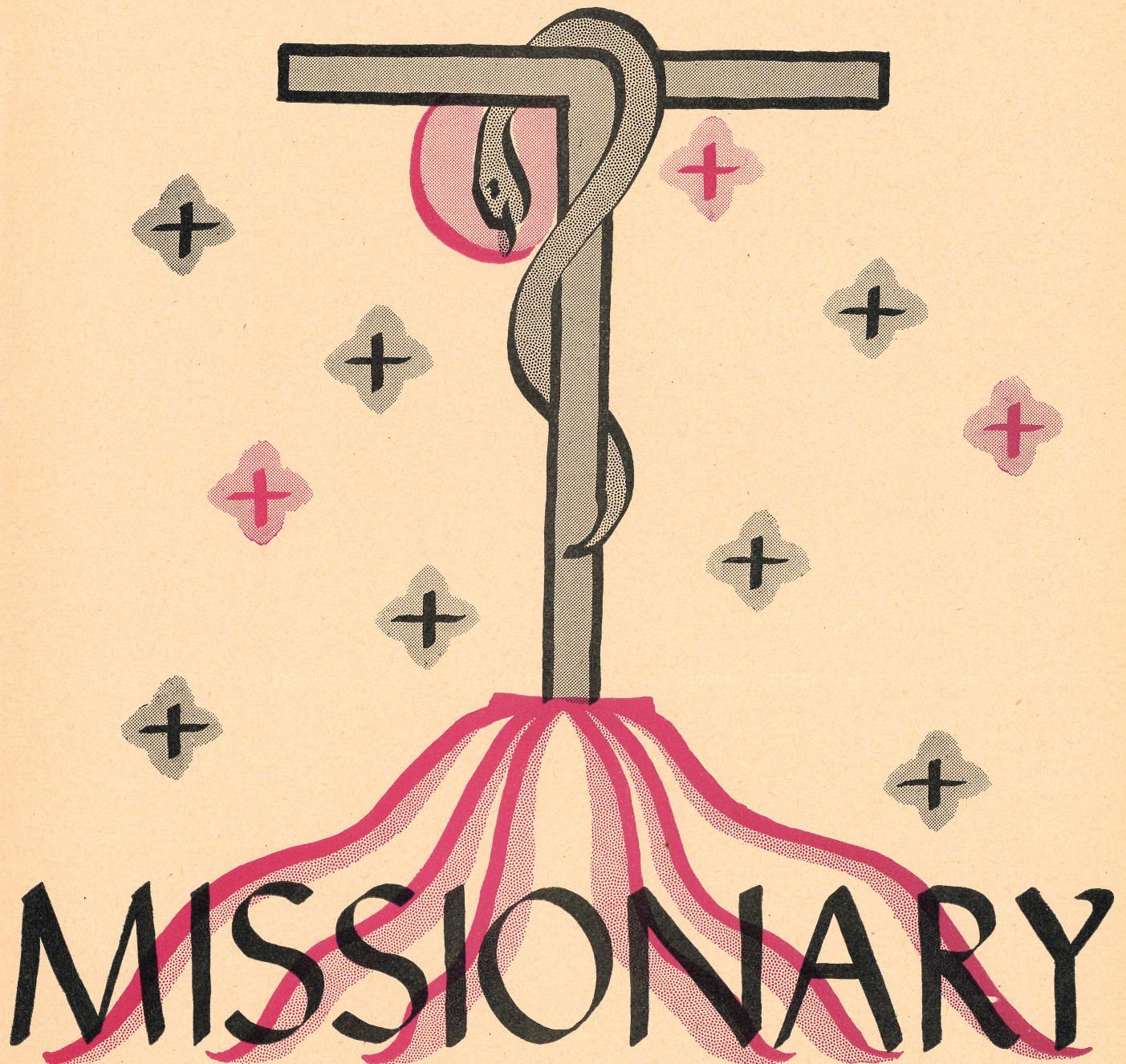


The MEDICAL



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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

"THIS IS THE LOURDES' MYSTERY . . . The healing of the sick is but the outward sign and symbol . . . Man, poor, earthbound, death stricken man, must be shown love in what is next to his feeble mind . . . Like a true mother, she reaches the inward man by the outward. Her real aim was and is to lead men to the foot of Her Divine Son." Dr. Carla Zawisch, who writes of Lourdes, was formerly assistant professor of histology at the University of Vienna, in which city she organized the St. Luke's Guild of Physicians, and taught also at Barcelona. Besides being the author of many articles and papers, she has written a book, **The Catholic Doctor**, which has been printed in French and German. At present Dr. Zawisch is living in the United States.

"JUST A FEVER" sounds harmless enough when spoken. But having "just a fever" is quite another story. Drawing upon her experience as a doctor, formerly in Rawalpindi, India, and now at Holy Family Hospital in Patna, Sister M. Elise Wijnen, M.D., explains just what these words signify in the Indian terminology.

TRAVELING TO SHAH-MA'HMUD VILLAGE WAS NOT AS SIMPLE as it seemed at first. And the return trip threatened to become almost as disrupted as the going. At least that is what Sister M. Alma Julia and Sister M. Leonie discovered when they embarked upon another of the famous village tours.

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Editor

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of D. C., and Houses of Postulate in studies in Brookland, Washington, England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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of the Orient.

Thanksgiving . . .

Deo gratias—that I awake to another day.

Deo gratias—only a few short steps and I see the flicker of a tiny flame—I am in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.

Deo gratias for the hour of Prime, when with the Church I pray that “God in all our words and deeds keep us from harm this day . . .”

Deo gratias for the short half-hour of meditation, that I may ask the Blessed Light Divine to shine within this heart of mine, my inmost being fill, to heal my wounds, my strength renew.”

Deo gratias for the Holy Mass, to be able to go every morning with the priest unto the altar of God. I will praise Him on the harp of my heart. Why should I be sad? I hope in Him, Who is my salvation.

Deo gratias for the message of peace—of peace on earth to men of good-will.

Deo gratias for the daily letter from St. Paul, or from another secretary of God.

Deo gratias for being one of that one-third of the human race whom the gospel of Christ has reached.

Deo gratias for my missionary vocation—to make Him known and loved.

Deo gratias for my belief in one God—in One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.

Deo gratias, Holy Father Almighty, Eternal God, for this spotless host offered by the priest for my own sins and transgressions and for all present around me.

Deo gratias for the prayer for the Church, for our Holy Father, the Pope, for our Bishop and for all true believers and the servants whom we especially recommend—our parents, brothers and sisters, relatives, benefactors and all the sick under our care.

Deo gratias that I may call Thee, my God, Father; praise Thee; labor for the coming of Thy Kingdom; know Thy will by Thy commandments.

Deo gratias for Thy bounty—for the daily bread to preserve health and strength—for a roof to protect me from wind and rain—for clothing—

for pastures for our cattle—for the plentiful crops in our garden—for the tools and for the willing hands to work them.

Deo gratias, above all, for the food of the soul—the Body and Blood of our Saviour that daily strengthens, sanctifies and saves.

Deo gratias that when the priest says—Ite Missa Est—I have a place to go—to work out my eternal destiny.

Deo gratias for my companions—they vary in age, in talents, in nationality. There are postulants and novices—students, nurses, doctors, secretaries, cooks and house-keepers—no dull moments among such an array.

Deo gratias for their traveling along with me, their working with me—injecting humor into stumbling blocks and bumps.

Deo gratias for our patients—they are so trustful and so thankful.

Deo gratias for the recoveries—the babies born—for the mothers saved.

Deo gratias for the peace at deathbeds and for the little angels speeded to heaven.

Deo gratias for the Rosary. I say it every day; its mysteries link me to Christ through Mary.

Deo gratias for the sky, for the trees, for the chipmunks, for the squirrels darting to and fro, for the bright flowers and the shimmering insects—I love them all.

Deo gratias for the hour of recreation—for the evening breeze—for the friendly chatter—the serenity all around me.

Deo gratias for all I met today—for all who prayed for me—for all who gave me a helping hand and a smile.

Deo gratias for all God's goodness everywhere.

Deo gratias for the hour of Compline—when I pray Him to keep me as the apple of His eye, to save me while awake and guard me when I sleep that I may watch with Christ and rest in peace.

For all these things—and for all to come—Deo gratias.

Consolatrix Afflictorum

by

CARLA ZAWISCH, M.D.

"And we, who have been the Guests of Our Lady . . . who had been saved from captivity, from starvation and from despair, we also came away richer in spirit than we were. This is the mystery and the true miracle of Lourdes . . . the true Mystery of Our Lady!"

France, June 1940. And the whole misery of the general catastrophe. About two millions of refugees on the roads, an avalanche of human beings, human wreckage, streaming southward, southward; from the North of France, from the Paris region, from the central districts, from the Jura mountains, from the banks of the Loire, from Lyon, finally from Bordeaux and at last—panic-stricken—just from anywhere. Will the Germans push on, take the Pyrenees-departments too?

They cannot ask anymore; they arrive—too happy to find shelter at last—French most of them, but many thousands from all the oppressed countries of Europe, who had found a refuge in France: Belgians, Poles, Austrians, Czechs, even Germans. People of every creed, of every opinion; or with no creed at all, or with but one opinion: safety first and a piece of bread and—at last—a bed for the night!

The watering places of the Pyrenees can still afford it: Cauterets, Argelès, Luchon, even Pau in spite of its overflowing with retreating French troops, in spite also of the immediately following German Gestapo. But most of them come to Lourdes.

Lourdes—the City of Our Lady—deserted by pilgrims since war began, it had become as early as July, 1940 again a center of human misery, but of a different kind. And a new center of Christian charity even—and this was the miracle!—of governmental charity. Hotels were requisitioned; municipal and departmental authorities worked and organized—they worked and organized in non-working, disorganizing France!—and thus the "Centre d'Accueil" of Lourdes was formed. Never had any organization of laymen in France worked so well, so efficiently and so disinterestedly. All those who came—and there were up to 80,000 at a time—were lodged and fed, even clothed if necessary. Those who still could pay, paid; most of them could not, and for them the government paid. Frenchmen and foreigners were treated alike, they were all one great family in those days, under the protection of the Virgin.

I came at the end of July—physically and morally exhausted after long weeks spent in the—alas!—much too famous internment-camp of Gurs in the Basses-Pyrennées. A great hope for my country was shattered; a terrible experience lay behind me: France had given up those who had been at her side with all their heart, their fervour, their confidence and, confused and bewildered, she had treated the victims of Hitler as her enemies! And in the camp there had been a tremendous work to do: 20,000 women and only a few women-doctors amongst the prisoners with their chief, a captain-doctor, a kindly, good-natured man and an upright Catholic. I was made the head of the so-called women's hospital, five empty sheds with almost nothing in the way of remedies and the most simple equipment; but at least there were a few beds, not merely heaps of straw, and there were even blankets for nearly every patient. But every little bit of a thing you wanted cost a whole morning's run through the mile-long camp and most of the time you did not get it. And it was raining, raining, in cold blasts from the Atlantic, and nobody had anything to protect himself, and the little Paris shoes stuck in the mud; better go bare-foot. At last I caught pneumonia myself. I was well cared for by the good captain-doctor; they really did their very best. But it was a camp-best, and that was just a bed and a little rest; food was beginning to be very scarce.

The Germans came to the camp; one "commission" after another. Many women were released before they came; those women now filled the roads and sought for their husbands, sons, and brothers and fled before the Germans. Of those who had remained many were in grave danger from them. So was I. But the French military command of the camp acted nobly with us; I remained hidden away in my bed at the farthest end of the enclosure.

But all this had been just enough for me—one is but a woman after all! When at last I could leave the camp, I found myself before the problem: what now? I was isolated from all my friends, with just 300 francs in my pocket—a mere nothing!—and

without an idea of what was going on outside. Yet—whatever should come afterwards, Lourdes was not far away; I could not leave the Pyrenees without having paid a visit to the heavenly Mother. I was free to go anywhere or nowhere in particular, nothing mattered—so it was best to do this first. At Pau a friend of mine, a woman-doctor from the French Society of St. Luke, gave me something to put on out of her own poor stocks (I had been interned with just what I had on my body!)—and then I went.

It was like a home-coming! There is no other word for it. Weak, hungry and heartbroken, I knelt at last before the Grotto; an immeasurable peace fell on me, covered me like a cloak, sheltered and soothed me—and for the first time since the fall of Austria I wept like a child! Did I pray? I never knew. Around me many prayed, but there was a deep silence, the deepest I ever felt, with only the low murmur of the Gave behind me; and every little thing, each flower, each leaf and each drop of the source breathed a silent prayer to the Virgin. I did not see the commonplace statue; I just felt the Presence . . .

That was She, the Mother, the Consolatrix Afflictorum!

Never shall I forget, should I live ever so long, that afternoon of a summer Sunday when first I knelt there. It was the most loving Mother's deepest and sweetest fondling of an injured child.

And I stayed on. There was nothing else to do. Lourdes was the rock in the fleeting tide. It was the only place where one could find a little security, bread and a bed. I had missed the first throng of those who had managed to escape to Spain before the Germans closed the hole at Hendaye. Now there was nothing to do but to wait for another, still far away opportunity. Thus began for me the miracle of Lourdes.

I was not long in learning what it really was. First there was the material help. Whenever I was left without a franc in my pocket, something turned up. Persons from whom I never should have expected anything gave or even sent me money. The good Sisters of Charity from Paris, whom I had known so well, managed it by some way or other, I never knew exactly how; other friends found me out little by little. There was especially the Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, kind-hearted Msgr. Choquet, with his help I could buy some warm clothes for the winter. And when in September there seemed to be some danger that the Germans might push on eastward from Bordeaux and overrun Pau and Lourdes, the Bishop himself warned me: "You had better be off!" and gave me the money for the journey to Marseille.

It was there that I realized for the first time what it really meant for us all to have found a refuge in Lourdes. Marseille was a hell for the foreign refugees, as were to be afterwards most of the

other cities in non-occupied France. Those who had not succeeded as yet in getting a foreign visa lived in constant fear from the police "raffles," from prison and camp. And shortly after my stay at Marseille all foreign refugees who could not prove that they lived by their own means were interned once more in camps—which unfortunately in France at that time meant "travaux forcés." Many preferred to die with hunger and illness "by their own means," than to suffer once more in a French camp.

The Department Hautes-Pyrénées, that is the district of Lourdes, was the **only exception!** Never was any foreign refugee expelled for lack of means, and later on never was a Jew excluded or interned or delivered to the Germans! The authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, set a stiff resistance to any attempts of the government to enforce this kind of thing. And it was but two years afterwards that the few foreigners still remaining in Lourdes were denied the help of poor exhausted France and have now to provide for themselves as best they can. The diocese of Tarbes and Lourdes and the whole district was the Island of Charity and seems to have remained so up to now, even since the Germans took the whole south of France.

So after a few days of that terrible Marseille, where I had taken those first steps for my emigration from France, I went back to Lourdes. For a few weeks, I thought; but it was to be for long, hard months. Yet—how sweet they were!

For Lourdes' deepest mystery was disclosed to me. Whilst the bodies were cared for, the souls drank deep from the Fountain of Life. The domain of the Grotto probably never was so quiet, so silent as in those days; the exciting spectacle of thousands of sick praying for health, the thrill of the expectation of some showy miracle was missing. But in the profound stillness before the Grotto hearts were beating.

And I witnessed many things. I saw the deep emotion of Franz Werfel, the future author of "The Song of Bernadette"; I had known him and his wife in Vienna, how long ago? and now we met again, just here. Never had he been so profoundly shaken in all his being than here. A new world had opened before him, and he plunged into it with all his eagerness. I liked to answer his questions because I saw that what was going on was much more than merely the enthusiasm of a poet.

I saw a middle-aged Jewish lady from Vienna. (We had been together already at the Gurs camp.) sitting for hours together in a dark corner at some distance from the Grotto, never speaking a word, her eyes fixed on the statue, day after day in quiet meditation. It ended in a baptism and I was her godmother. Never shall I forget the pure, heavenly joy that shone on her face when the holy rite was consummated. She is probably dead by now, for—having unfortunately left Lourdes in order to rejoin members of her family in Provence—she was captured

in August, 1932 with the other remaining Jewesses, delivered to the Germans by Laval's unholy government and never could I find any more trace of her. At that time the Germans killed whole transports of Jews by gas in the trains. But up to the last her letters to me spoke of her Faith and her Love.

Thus and in many other ways I saw grace pouring down from the hands of the Virgin. The ecclesiastical authorities did their best to open the channels of grace for all these souls in distress. A retreat was preached for the refugees with catechetical conferences; the Basilica of the Rosary overflowed with hearers, and loud-speakers spread the preachers' words over the whole Esplanade. Conversions were frequent, religiously indifferent people found themselves again at the Communion table. Never was the Grotto deserted for a single hour from morning till nightfall, even in winter when ice lay on the Esplanade or torrential rains inundated it—in spite of nobody having good shoes in those days. There were, of course, the incorrigibly indifferent and the sceptic; but at least they refrained from scoffing, subdued as it were by the mystery. And when once a group of debauched soldiers dared to make a rude joke, crying "Miracle! miracle!" at the Grotto, there was an outburst of wrath hard to suppress.

We were quite a large group of "habitués" of the Grotto, who daily went there, generally at nightfall, to say our respective prayers, week after week, month after month. All our troubles and worries of private and of public life were reflected there. And we knew many things: knew that our souls were being formed in some mysterious way for the life we should have to live afterwards, that this life was to stand under the sign of the Virgin and that this was the hidden meaning of our prolonged stay at Lourdes. An exquisite favor was bestowed on

us—and we had to live up to it. Our inward life was being remodelled (Wasn't it already a little progress that I myself, self-made woman as I was, had learnt at last humbly to accept charity?); hunger and cold and all the darkness of the impending future were seen under the angle of expiation, first for ourselves and then for the world; and last, not least, boundless hope and confidence was born. And I understood:

This is the Lourdes' mystery; **this** is its hidden miracle, by far the greater part of all Lourdes' miraculous history; **this** was the real intention of the Virgin-Mother when she appeared to Bernadette. The healing of the sick is but the outward sign and symbol, is but the tangible expression of her motherly love for mankind, and this love is far greater for the souls of men than for their bodies. Man, poor, earthbound, death-stricken man must be shown Love in what is next to his feeble mind; and then the miracle continues on the higher level, the level of the soul. Like a true mother, she reaches the inward man by the outward. Her real aim was and is to lead men to the feet of her Divine Son.

So in the days of the great pilgrimages even those who are not healed in Lourdes come away from there with their souls lifted up to Heaven, in joyful acceptance of pain, of misery and death. And we, who have been the Guests of Our Lady in that tragic year, who had been saved from captivity, from starvation and from despair, we also came away richer in spirit than we were. This is the mystery and the true miracle of Lourdes, an outstanding miracle of modern time, the true Mystery of Our Lady! If ever renovation comes to Europe, it will come by Her. May we never forget it! May our hymns of praise and gratitude to Her end in a storm of fervent prayer, full of hope, for a new world lying at the foot of the Cross!

Just a Fever . . .

by

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"Sister, do you remember that It is impossible even to estimate mon, but the other three are ram-
niced little woman, Shanti, who how many people die of fevers in pant throughout the length and
used to come to the dispensary al- India. Not only are the mortality breadth of India.
most every day with her six or statistics ludicrously incomplete; Of them all, tuberculosis is un-
seven children? Well, her husband the diagnoses are usually guess doubtedly the deadliest. Pitiful in-
came today to tell us that she died work also. "Fever" covers a mul- deed is the procession of consump-
about a week ago in the village. titude of diseases. Malaria is the tives that passes through the dis-
She had been sick for about a outstanding one; then follow tu- pensary. Their chances of re-
month. Just a fever, he said. Yes, berculosis, typhoid, and kala azar, covery are literally zero. Figure it
it might have been typhoid, pos- probably in about that order, at out for yourself: the prime requi-
sibly malaria, probably tubercu- least in the neighborhood of Pat- sites for treatment are rest, good
losis. No one will ever know . . ." na. In the North kala azar is com- food and optimism. But where can

the poor Indians get all that? Most of them live close to the starvation level, even when in health! The verdict of "phthisis," as the Indians still call it, is equal to the death sentence. The end is merely a question of time. This statement leaves out of consideration the tuberculosis hospitals and sanatoria where valiant and often heroic efforts are made to salvage some of these unfortunates. But what are they among so many? The number of beds available for tuberculous patients is barely one-hundredth of the need. Popular education, moreover, is still miles removed from the level where poor people will benefit by this system. Separation from their families, enforced bed-rest, perhaps painful treatments, all are insupportable to the unenlightened Indian mentality.

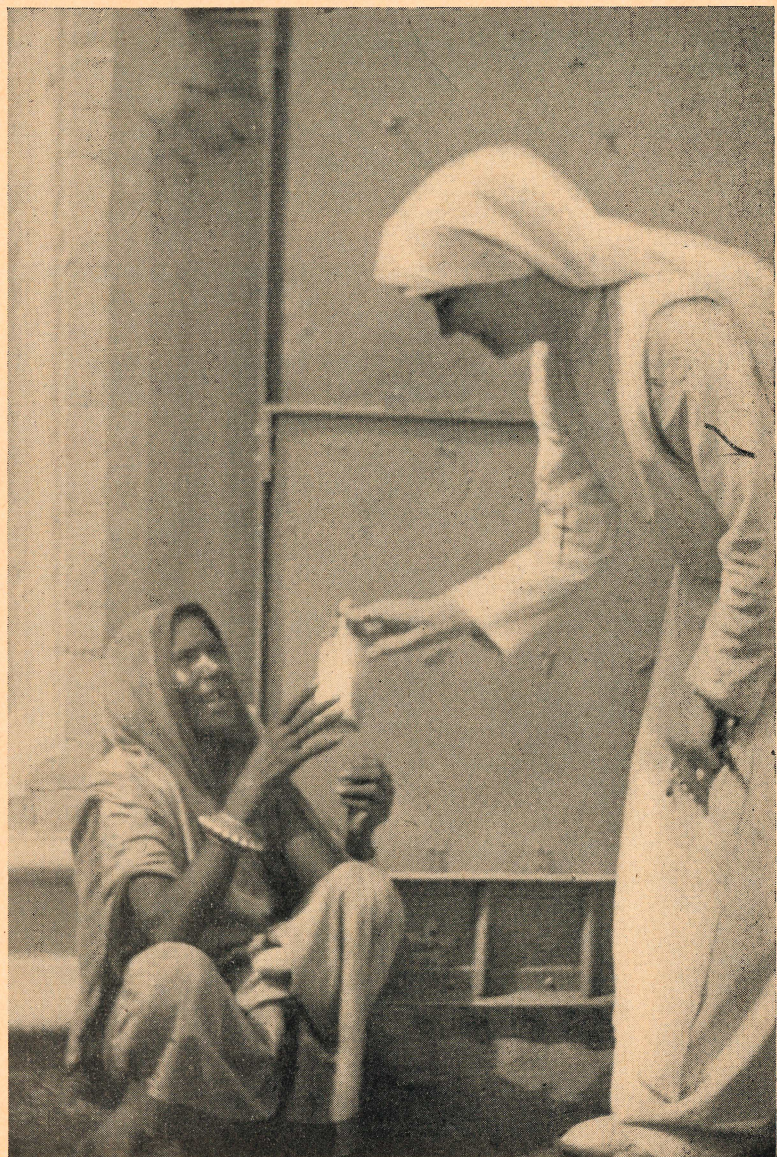
Typhoid in India is like the poor of the Gospel: always with us. It is rare indeed to be without a case of it in the hospital, and for every one who recovers there are usually two who do not. The most heart-breaking ones are the children, husky, promising youngsters, or delicate little tots, sick unto death for weeks on end. No one expected pale, thin, little Vidya to recover. For a week her temperature never budged from the 104 degree line, and for days the child was completely comatose, unable to swallow or stir. Yet she lived—a monument of gratitude to the devoted nursing care of the Indian student nurses and native sisters who looked after her. But strong young Shiv Narain, the only son in a household of girls, died during the third week, despite all sorts of treatment, including blood transfusions.

The sad part of it is that a simple injection, repeated at two-year intervals, would have prevented all this. But here again popular education has not caught up with modern science. Even smallpox, the most preventable of all diseases, against which vigorous campaigns are waged all over India, still flourishes in the bazaars. Vaccination is free and en-

couraged, but not compulsory. But immunization against typhoid is still in its early stages. Apart from the army, medical personnel and well-managed business concerns, it is lamentably neglected, even among Europeans.

Malaria bids fair to become a major problem, even more so than usual, within the next few years. The loss of Java was a serious one for India, not so much for its rubber, but for its quinine. The amount of quinine produced in India is still negligible, although there are said to be promising cinchona planta-

tions in the South. At present the government has control of the quinine stocks to prevent outrageous prices and to ensure fair distribution. It may be used only for treatment, and not prophylactically. The prospect of running out of quinine is enough to give one the cold shivers. It would mean sending away one-third of the patients who come to us. We would have to stand by helpless, while people die of a fever that can be cured by the simplest means—a dozen pills or a few ounces of a bitter mixture.



"Many times the patients could be cured by the simplest means—a dozen pills or a few ounces of bitter mixture."

Kala azar is a strange disease. The name literally means "black fever" and refers to the dark discoloration which sometimes disfigures the face of a patient suffering from this disease. There are practically no symptoms except chills and fever. People will walk around with kala azar for weeks, without realizing the importance of these chills, thinking them to be malaria, or, as the Indian expression has it, "just a fever" as we would say, "just a cold." Then gradually the spleen begins to enlarge; the liver follows suit; later cough and weakness appear and the patient may be frightened into coming for treatment. But if he is poor and ignorant he may endure it even longer, until general swelling of the body and severe anemia usher in the end.

The treatment of kala azar is a lengthy and costly affair but very much more satisfactory than it used to be. A course of injections is necessary, spread out over a period of several weeks. The modern complicated antimony compounds have brought down the mortality from eighty to about ten percent and shortened the cure by many weeks. But they are still expensive and cumbersome, and patients from the poor and uneducated classes frequently refuse to submit to a full course of treatment. As soon as the chills and the fever disappear, they disappear with them, back to the villages and jungles.

To the Indians fever is a disease, not just a symptom. Even the names of the various maladies are indicative of this. Malaria is seasonal fever; tuberculosis is the

"ancient fever;" typhoid is the "great fever," and kala azar, "black fever." Then there are durational fevers — sandfly fever, breakbone fever, and so on. These last cause practically no mortality but are responsible for a great loss of work days and much general debility, plus increased poverty and lackadaisicalness. We commonly keep twice as many servants as would be needed back home. There are always a couple off duty, with fever and other illnesses. Yet we take plenty of precautionary measures: mosquito nets against malaria, immunization against typhoid, good food and enough rest against tuberculosis. But the poor people cannot do all this, and until the standard of living is raised they will remain unable to do so, despite all teaching and campaigning against "fever."

Village Tour

by

SISTER M. ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., M.T., PH.G.

Dear Mary Theresa:

Do you remember Peter and the village trips I wrote you about before? We had not been to see Peter's village for some time, and he had been begging us to come and visit his sick people. One of the priests used to make this tour with us, but now he has been sent to a different diocese to replace an interned priest, and the other priests around here have gone to other sections as chaplains to the troops; so no one has been available to visit that district for some time.

Peter said: "Do come and visit us, Sister. We have had no one to see us for so long—not since Father left . . ." and more to that effect. Finally Sister M. Leonie, who is a doctor, and I decided to make the trip on the following Wednesday, with the promise to go oftener in the future.

The actual visiting of the villages and the sick was practically the same as I related before, but the getting there and the returning was another story. That is what I am going to tell you about now.

The railway station we wished to go to—the one nearest Peter's village—was about forty miles from Rawalpindi. Usually we take a train to Taxila and there change to the little branch line that goes on to Haripur, our destination. But on account of the war fewer trains are running and the schedule is different. I went to the Rawalpindi station to make inquiries . . .

"When does the train leave for Haripur?" I asked.

"The train leaves at 5:55 a.m. and arrives in Taxila at 6:55. Then you change to the train for Haripur which leaves Taxila at 7:04. If the train from Rawalpindi is

late you miss the connection and can't get another train for Haripur."

"Oh, and is it often late?"

"It is generally late."

"And when does the train return from Haripur—in case we get there?"

"The train leaves Haripur at 10:29 p.m. and reaches Rawalpindi at 12:19."

The latter time suited us very well, since it gave us a long afternoon in which to work in the villages. We didn't mind coming home late at all. But what about going? Finally we decided to take a chance; if the train was late we would buy a ticket only as far as Taxila and try to take a bus or tonga from there.

Accordingly we packed our lunch basket and medicine box and arranged with an old tonga-driver nearby to come for us at 5:15 a.m.

We started in good time, you see, for you can't always depend upon the horse moving very fast. Alas! The horse was still sleepy and very nervous. It was pitch dark, and when we approached the railway lines the bright lights frightened poor old Dobbin and he persisted on turning right around in the middle of the street and heading for home again. More than once the driver had to get out and lead and coax him back in the direction of the station. Within twenty minutes however, we arrived there safely.

"Is the Taxila train on time?" we asked.

"No, it is two hours late," was the reply . . . so we bought tickets only as far as Taxila.

"How much is it?" we asked.

"Sixty cents." (I am giving the American equivalent.)

"Sixty cents each?"

"No, sixty cents for both of you."

We took our tickets and went into the waiting room, which we happened to have all to ourselves. There we read our morning pray-

ers, made our meditation and ate our breakfast. Then I went out again and inquired from a guard when the train would be in.

"Oh, good morning, Sister," he said. "The train will be here in about fifteen minutes. Don't you remember me? Chandra, my wife, was in your hospital."

"Oh, how is Chandra?" I asked brightly, wondering in the meantime who she was.

"She is fine now. She will be coming to see you soon with the baby. And you are going to Taxila?"

"Yes. Perhaps we shall be going on to Haripur." Then I added casually, "By the way, how can we get to Haripur from Taxila? We're too late for the train."

"But you can't go to Haripur from Taxila. There is no road; the train is the only way."

"But that is too bad! We were hoping we might go to Haripur."

"I'll tell you what you can do. Don't get off at Taxila, but go on to Hasan Abdal, which is ten miles farther. There you can take a bus for Haripur."

Well, I was certainly happy to receive that information. Otherwise we might have done just what others had done before us—stopped off at Taxila, only to discover when it was too late that our journey was ended.

Just then the train came in, so we gathered up our things and hunted for the Ladies' Inter-carriage. It was crowded to the doors, with apparently no standing room—but we managed to squeeze in anyway, though it was quite a trick to shut the door again. After a while we wiggled some more, and I managed to find a seat on top of someone's tin trunk which was standing in the aisle, sharing it with an Indian lady who may or may not have been the owner. Sister Leonie found a space on the edge of a bench already overflowing with women and babies—but once we were on our way everyone became calm again.

Some—perhaps two or three—got off at Taxila, and I went out long enough to have our tickets extended to Hasan Abdal.



All set for another village tour!

After another half-hour on the train we reached the village. There we stretched ourselves, taking deep breaths of the fresh mountain air. It was now broad daylight—in fact it was 9:30 a.m.

"Where to?" asked the coolie who took our box and basket.

"To the bus stand," said we.

It so happened that the bus stand was on the other side of the town, five minutes away, so we had to take a tonga to get there. As we drove through the historic old town, I could not help but think of the flourishing place it must have been a thousand years or more before Columbus discovered America.

The tonga deposited us on the highway near a tea-stand, but unfortunately there was no bus in sight. A few men were loitering nearby, looking somewhat like pirates in an amateur play.

"Is this where we get the bus for Haripur?" we asked.

"It is, Mem Sahiba."

"And when does the bus go?"

"It will be here in about two hours, Mem Sahiba."

"And how long will it take to reach Haripur?"

"About two hours, Mem Sahiba."

I looked at Sister Leonie and Sister Leonie looked at me.

"How far is it to Haripur?"

"Twenty-one miles, Mem Sahiba."

"And how far to Shah-Ma'hud village?" (This was where Peter lived.)

"Twenty-three miles, Mem Sahiba. But the bus will not take you to Shah-Mahmud. But if Mem Sahiba wishes to go there she can take a tonga which will only take three hours."

"I have to think," said I.

The men very kindly brought us two iron chairs, placing them down by the wayside, and we sat down. They also offered us some tea, which we did not accept as we still had coffee left in our thermos from our morning breakfast. We wanted to think—and discuss the matter.

"For seven rupees I will drive you to Shah-Ma'hud village."

"I'm thinking," said I.

"She's thinking," he told the other men in the background.

I was thinking—I was thinking how beautiful the morning was. It was still so cold at nights and here the bright sun's line was warming up the earth. We were on the edge of a lovely old highway which stretched along the whole mountain range which separated us from Afghanistan, all along the Indus river. We were in the so-called Afghan and Pathan tribal lands — territory which saw so much fighting in the old days. Now one sees there the most typical pastoral and biblical scenery in the world. As we sat by the roadside the shepherds were driving their flocks right past us, both the herders and sheep turning a mild and curious gaze at the strange sight of white women sitting by the wayside.

Finally we decided not to waste any time waiting for the bus, but would take a tonga and visit some of the villages enroute.

"Be sure it is a good horse," said Sister Leonie.

We expected the worst but were pleasantly disappointed. It was a very good horse and a good driver too. At 10:00 a.m. we started off. First the driver took us back through the town where he watered the horse and bought some feed for the horse's lunch apparently. At last we were back on the real highway—and what a ride we had. Whenever the horse came to a hill he would start off at a gallop and keep it up until he reached the top, when he would slow down to a trot again. Evidently he did that to gain momentum and make the hill. The first time it happened I thought the horse was out of control and was running away—and did we cling to the sides of the tonga!

About every mile or so along the road were little mud villages. We stopped at three of them, not that we were anxious to begin visiting the sick before we had Peter's escort, but because we knew the horse needed a rest. At one village we stopped about an hour and saw perhaps some fifty sick people. It did not matter at all

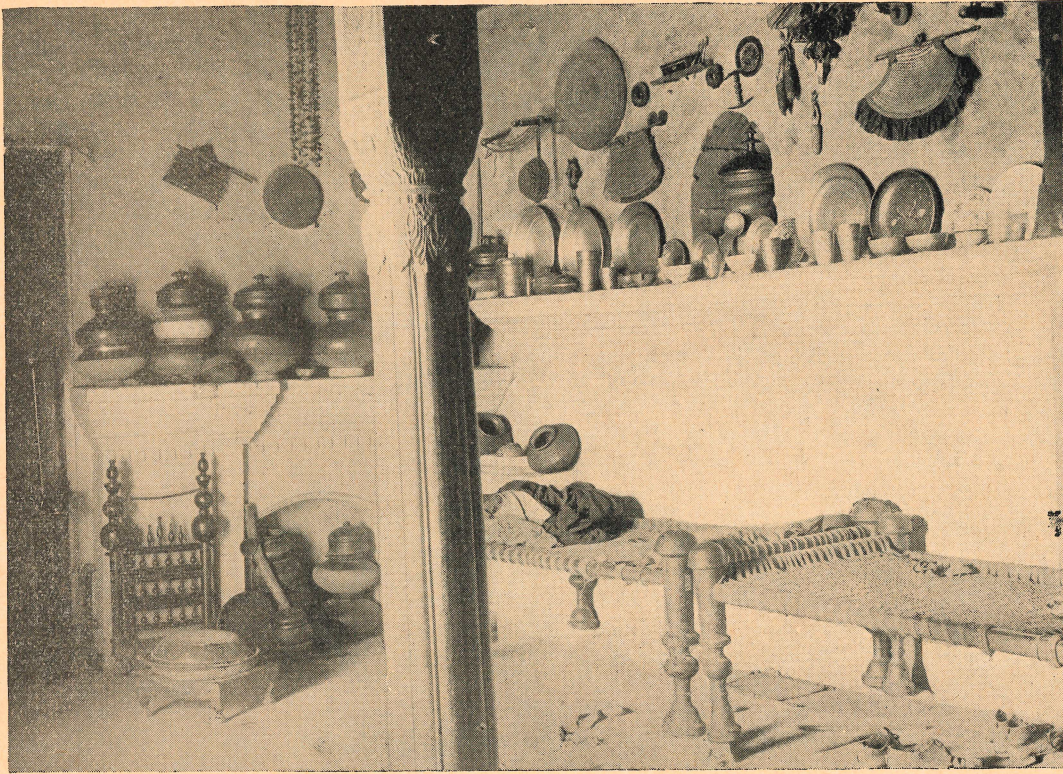
that we had never been there before—they were so friendly and hospitable to us.

The tonga-driver proved to be quite a character. We were no sooner on the way when he offered us cigarettes. But we told him we did not "drink." (In Hindustani they always say they "drink" cigarettes or pipes—they do not use the word "smoke.") When we gave medicine or advice to the patients, whenever he was present, he interpreted for us if the people did not understand. So many of the people—especially the women—speak only Punjabi or Pushtu, while we knew only Urdu. The driver seemed to speak any dialect needed and went from one to the other quite fluently.

It was about three o'clock when we reached Haripur where we stopped to inquire whether Peter had been there looking for us. He hadn't, but the cook of the little rest-house wanted us to see his family and that delayed us a bit longer. When we finally did reach Peter's place it was 3:30 p.m.

Peter's wife and the whole household were delighted to see us. There were patients waiting for us since morning, they said, and Peter himself was out just then for the third or fourth time, inquiring at the station and bus stand if we had come. Someone went for him, and in the meantime we had tea in Peter's house and ate some more of our lunch. Then we saw all the patients who were there and after that went out with Peter to some of the neighboring villages.

After the villages were finished we returned to Peter's house, where we had some tea and a chat with the family — Yacub and Miriam, his son and little daughter, and Cornelia, his wife. Of course they wanted us to stay with them overnight, but we insisted that we must get home. We thought it would be better to come oftener and stay only one day at a time. Probably the next time we will take a bus straight through from Rawalpindi, although the buses are terribly crowded and inconvenient.



Interior of a Punjabi home

"But you will get home so late," said Peter.

"Oh, that is quite all right," we replied. "We will be in about midnight."

Our train was to leave at ten o'clock. As it was still very early we decided to walk to the station, escorted by the entire family. It was about a three-mile walk along a beautiful old tree-lined highway. Here and there in the fields we could see the flickering lights from the bonfires where the people were burning down the sugar cane to a kind of unrefined sugar popularly known as "gur." During the day we had noticed that they were already beginning to gather in the sugar cane and press out the juice by means of bullock-driven presses in the fields.

When we reached the station all was quiet. We were still an hour too early, but we persuaded Peter and his family to leave us and return to the village. We could take care of ourselves, and besides we still had our prayers to say—so they finally went away.

After a little while the station master appeared on the scene and seemed quite surprised to see us. At once he opened up the station and lit the kerosene lamp (There is no electric service in these parts.) and put himself at our disposal.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Rawalpindi, back to the hospital."

"But where is your bedding? You have only these two boxes."

"Bedding? We don't need any bedding. We expect to be back in Rawalpindi about midnight."

"But you won't get to Rawalpindi tonight. This train goes only as far as Taxila, and the next train doesn't come until three o'clock in the morning. And it is really very cold in Taxila. What to do!" He was very distressed, and to make us feel a bit better about the whole situation, he very kindly bought our tickets for us. Fortunately we had brought our capes so we were not so badly off after all.

At Taxila we were told that the train would come in at 3:00 a.m. From 11 p.m. until 3 a.m. we sat in the waiting room in the nice easy chairs and tried to keep half-way warm until train time. Three o'clock came and still no train. It was an hour late! When we finally did board the train for Rawalpindi we felt that all our troubles were over and we could start to reminisce and laugh over the events of the day.

For instance—it was a most wonderful tonga-ride from Hasan Abdal to Haripur—such a perfect day—such glorious scenery along the mountains — small children sucking sugar cane and bearded tribesmen following the plow or shepherding their sheep exactly as in the time of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And then there was Peter calling out to the villagers to gather the sick near the village well as the doctor would be there in a few minutes—and the moonlight walk to the station with Peter and his family thanking

God that we had come and begging us to return again soon and if possible to bring a priest next time so they could receive the Sacraments.

Since it was only an hour's ride from Taxila to Rawalpindi we arrived home about twenty minutes after five. And I, at least, was in bed about five minutes after that. Both of us thoroughly enjoyed the whole trip and are ready to go back any time. And for one thing--we both decided

that whenever patients come to us and say: "Haripure se aya," (I have come from Haripur) and "I have to catch the train back"—we will give them service at once!

Your loving aunt in J.M.J.,
Sister M. Alma Julia

Chaukidar - - the Bell!

by

SISTER M. DOLORES, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Eleven p.m. and at last all the patients seem settled down for the night. Usually the lights are out and they are asleep by nine-thirty p.m., but we were delayed tonight because a new patient was brought in about eight o'clock, carried in on a charpoi from a distant village. She is semi-conscious. Her relatives tell us that she hasn't eaten anything for two days and has had a high fever. Her temperature was 104 when she came. After an examination, including a spinal tap, Dr. Lalinsky has diagnosed the case as meningitis and prompt treatment has been started.

I wish the patient's relative would try and get some rest. She looks so worn out. Perhaps she will relax a little later, but just now she is too excited over the happenings of the last two hours. One can tell she has never been in a hospital before. Newcomers are always like that at first — afraid, half-hopeful, and yet not daring to trust in us all the way. Didn't you notice how frightened she was when we came in with the tray for giving subcutaneous saline? And how relieved and grateful she was when it was explained to her that the patient was going to receive necessary nourishment through the needles? She hasn't forgiven us though for insisting that the nurse give a tepid sponge bath to the patient as ordered by the doctor. Many of the people here hold the theory that water, both externally and internally, is very bad for anyone with a fever. If the patient does not get better, the bath will no doubt be attribut-

ed as the cause.

But she seems a little bit better already. Her temperature has gone down two degrees; she has stopped mumbling and is resting quietly. It is very important that she does get better, for this is a case of two lives instead of one.

Brrrrrrrr! . . . There goes the bell. I was just going to do the charting. Chaukidar, open the gate! Someone is ringing! No, it isn't a patient waiting admittance this time, but a man and his little girl saying, both at once: "Sister Sahib, please come, come quickly. She is very ill." And a little box is handed to me. As soon as I see the box I know who it is they want. It is Sister Jude who does the Centre work and trains the dais. The latter are unable to write, so each one is given a box containing a card with her name on it. Whenever she wants Sister to come and help her she sends the little box. Sister is called and in about ten minutes, with one of the native nurses, she goes out with the man and the little girl to the waiting tonga. The chaukidar closes the gate.

Eleven-thirty p.m. All is quiet again. The charting will have to wait until after rounds. So far it looks as though the patients are going to have a good night, that is, all except Savitri. Cardiac patients never sleep well. She seems more restless than ever tonight, but she is very patient and does not mind that she cannot sleep very well, as long as she knows that someone is near.

Two p.m. . . . brrrrrr! brrrrrr! The chaukidar seems to have a

hard time waking up. This must be a rush call; a man outside is shouting for the gate to be opened. Hurry, chaukidar, or all the patients will be awakened by that shouting.

Two men dash in. One of them points down the street saying that a woman is lying on the road very ill. Let me think a moment. Who can help me carry her in? The nurses are so little, and the house boys are all asleep. Of course the chaukidar; he can help me. Before I have a chance to send for the stretcher, the two men offer to bring in the patient.

In less than fifteen minutes they arrive. We have just had time to put some hot water bottles in the bed, for the nights are very cold in Rawalpindi. The patient is a typical beggar woman, such as we see daily on the streets. One thin, scanty sari covers both herself and the tiny baby she is clasping to her. She looks half-starved. One of the nurses brings some hot milk and bread. The woman takes it, and from the corner of her ragged sari she unties a coin and offers it to the nurse. She is not accustomed to receiving food for nothing in her hand-to-mouth existence.

Seven p.m. The morning temperatures, medicines and treatments are finished; the night report is written, and now the day force is ready to take over. As I am leaving the hospital one of the nurses calls after me: "Sister, Sister, the new patient, the one with meningitis is asking for something to eat." It has been a good night . .

News From Home And Abroad . . .



SISTER M. CLARE

AT HOME . .

Another Medical Missionary has earned the right to add an R.N. to her name. The new graduate is Sister M. Clare, who received her diploma in nursing from Providence Hospital, Washington, D.C. Sister Clare entered her training course after completing a year of work at Trinity College. At present she is continuing her studies at the Catholic University of America, where she is taking work towards a Bachelor of Science degree in nursing. Besides following the regular nursing curriculum at Providence Hospital Sister was privileged to take as her elective in her senior year a course in Visiting Nursing—a valuable preparation for future work on the mission field.

Four more Medical Missionaries are enrolled at the Providence Hospital.

RAWALPINDI . . .

Vacation mail from Rawalpindi is reaching us now. Sister Dolores thus writes of various attempts at managing the vacation-time cooking stove:

"Here in Murree we have a kitchen about eight by six feet. It has a table and a stove—the latter being the most interesting object in the room. It is homemade—of mud! Really it is just a flat surface with tin holes for the fires. On one side are two more holes for the draught. Simple, isn't it? There is a chimney too, but just why it has to be on the other side of the kitchen away from the stove is what I cannot figure out. The smoke goes out of the window behind the stove and does not cross the room and escape through the chimney, as the builder probably expected it to do.

"We also have a small tin oven which we place over one of the holes when we want to bake. Yesterday one of the sisters tried a

cake. She put in some ingredients, stirred a bit and then took up a fan and fanned the fire. Then she would stir a bit and fan again. She kept repeating this until finally the charcoal was nice and red. When it is all red it stops smoking. Of course you can imagine how black everything gets—ourselves included. But I do believe I shall try some baking one of these days . . ."

Americans in India . . .

From back in Rawalpindi Sister continued . . . "We hear a great deal about the Americans in India. Not long ago my Urdu teacher told me that a friend of his had applied for the position of secretary to a U.S. Army officer. The latter asked him what was the minimum salary he would take. The boy thought a moment and bravely said: '72 rupees.' The officer replied: 'All right, that is quite fine; I will give you 72 ru-

pees a week.' And was the boy surprised! He had meant 72 rupees a month! (72 rupees is about 25 dollars in American money, but is an ordinary month's salary here.)

"Again we heard about the soldier who had his shoes shined. He gave the boy one rupee (about 30 cents). The boy said: 'I'm sorry, but I do not have enough change.' Said the soldier: 'Keep the change.' The boy was probably accustomed to receiving one or two annas (one anna is about six cents) for a shoe-shine."

The Sky's the Limit!

Sister Alma Julia sent us the following little item about the Indian soldiers:

"I would like to tell you something about our wonderful Indian soldiers, but I am afraid it might not pass the censor. However, you do know that the Indian soldiers are among the bravest in the world. From all that I read in the papers the only argument seems to be which are the more won-

derful, the Sikhs or the Gurkhas. An officer in charge of the Sikhs thinks his men the best; those in charge of the Gurkhas say the same about their men. Only yesterday I read a little piece in the paper about the Gurkhas, illustrating their attitude.

"The Gurkha Major was explaining to his men that they were to be taken out to a district and taught jumping from an airplane. 'We will begin the jumps from 700 feet,' he said. The Gurkhas talked it over among themselves. Finally a spokesman went back to the

Major and said, 'Don't you think 700 feet a little high? Let us start at 300 feet.' The Major replied, 'That's a little low. You need space to allow the parachute to open.' 'Oh!', said the Gurkha, 'we are going to have parachutes! Then that's all right!'

* * * * *

PATNA . . .

The following instance is a typical one, sent to us by Sister Margaret Mary from Patna:

"Six weeks ago a woman who had been advised to have an abdominal operation came to us. She lives in the country and waited until after the harvest season to be admitted. She came, all alone, with an extra sari, five rupees, and asked to have the operation. She could stay, she told us, for twelve days, no more.

"Well, we performed the operation some six hours later. She made an uneventful recovery — out of bed on the tenth day and walking out fully satisfied on the twelfth, almost to the very hour she had arrived. Now for her five rupees (about a dollar and fifty cents) she received a first class operation, general anaesthetic, a clean bed, and regular meals of good food, twelve days of good nursing care—and a memory saturated with thrills that she will not forget in a lifetime.

"Will we ever see her again? Certainly, if she feels she needs us. Will she remember us? Is she grateful? Yes—a thousand times. She will send others, as poor or poorer than herself; she may even bring them, but she will not forget—and ten years from now we shall still be treating patients who were sent by Mukhiya, who had that big operation here in 1943."

"Like Walking Mudpies!"

More Patna news from Sister Ignatius Marie: "A terrific storm here caught us in the middle of it. We were in two rickshaws. Having first been covered with dry sand by one of the worst sandstorms I have seen in years, we found ourselves suddenly in a tor-

rential downpour. The combination of the sand and the rain resulted in our looking more like walking mudpies than like Medical Missionaries when it was over. But everyone else was in the same predicament, so we were not conspicuous.

"The same storm struck down one of the largest trees on our compound—a neem tree. It fell in such a way that it damaged no building, but knocked down a very beautiful tree called Flame of the Forest. It, the Flame of the Forest,

has leaves like an Acacia and the most beautiful red blossoms imaginable. The natives use the twigs of the neem tree to clean their teeth, so children from the neighborhood had it stripped of its twigs before you could say Jack Robinson.

"We were told that the neem wood is especially good for clothes-closets, as no insects will enter. Even the fresh leaves put into a clothes-press will keep them away. We could not use this wood, however, for on inspection a great part of the trunk proved to be rotten."

MISS AGNES REGAN

A LIFE NOBLY LIVED—NOBLY CLOSED

The purpose of this short paragraph is not to give a resume biographical sketch of the life of Miss Agnes J. Regan, who was a prominent educator and above all a prominent social leader of Catholic women in her capacity as first executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women and assistant director of the National Catholic School of Social Service. We wish to acknowledge our love and gratitude to Miss Regan, as a friend and promoter of the Medical Mission Cause. When it was first brought to her attention in 1924, before the foundation of the Society, she saw the need and importance of the work and thought of it as a possible undertaking of the lay apostolate.

When the Society was established she gave her personal encouragement to the new endeavor and helped Doctor Dengel by introducing her to members of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in various parts of the country. An introduction from Miss Regan meant a welcome without fail.

It is hard to say which noble trait was most outstanding in Miss Regan's character. To me her complete unselfishness was most striking. The totally selfless achieve the most for God and country, and perhaps this selflessness was the key to Miss Regan's success in winning the love, esteem and gratitude of thousands of women throughout the land.

Miss Regan died in Washington, D.C., on September 30th, with the Hail Mary on her lips. A sung Requiem Mass was offered for her in our Chapel. She will always be remembered gratefully and prayerfully as a real friend of our pioneer days.—Anna Dengel, S.C.M.M., M.D.

R. I. P.

The Mission Clipper

IN A GREAT TRADITION . . .

"The average Catholic feels that the aim of the missionary is to convert individuals. But the missionary goes far beyond this. He follows in the great tradition bequeathed by the Benedictine and Irish missionaries of old. As they labored, so the aim of the missionary today is to build a new civilization. China has an old civilization. We do not wish to tear this down, but to supplement it.

True, to reach this end we must be concerned with individual conversions. But we must think beyond individuals. We must think of nations. Our aim is to build a new civilization on the basis of Christianity. To arrive at this end, the social program of the Catholic Church will play a vital part. People can easily understand it and see it in operation. Hence they will be attracted to the Church through it. By such a program we shall finally conquer China for Christ . . ."—Bishop Paul Yu Pin—in *Maryknoll Magazine*, June, 1943.

ARABIAN MEDICINE

Besides preserving Greek medicine for posterity Arab physicians made no small original contributions to medical knowledge. Thus Ar Razi, called Rhazes, of Bagdad (841-926 A.D.) described the symptoms of smallpox and measles, and differentiated between these diseases . . .

The eye was especially investigated in Arabian medicine. The Arabs possessed a good knowledge of pupillary movements and the location and function of the eye muscles, facts quite unfamiliar to their forerunners. Contrary to the teachings of the Greeks, Ibn Sina (980-1037) A.D., called Avicenna of Bagdad, was the first to write that bone and other hard tissue

could be the seat of inflammation.

—From "Medicine of the Arabs," *Clinical Excerpts*, September, 1943.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE WOMEN IN THE SPOTLIGHT

The Patna Women's College, conducted by the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel, have the spotlight for the year. Three years ago this last October, Bishop Sullivan, S.J., moved out of his house and Mother Clarissa and a small number of these sisters from Mangalore moved in to begin the first college of women in the province of Bihar.

This year the sisters sent up twelve candidates for the B.A. examination conducted by Patna University. One of their girls, Theresa Veliath, came out first in the whole University, and another ranked high in the first division, in which there were only twenty in all. As a result of the general splendid showing of their graduates, next year the sisters will have to perform a miracle to accommodate all the students who have applied . . . Ten years ago there was hardly one single girl in college in all Bihar. Last year the sisters had forty students, in first year alone, and next year will have many more.—Father E. J. O'Leary, S.J., of St. Xavier's, Patna, India, writing in *Jesuit Missions*, October, 1943.

"Love without reason is not love; and reason without love is not reason."—Herbert Ellsworth Cory.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

The Catholic Action group in a Chinese town recently presented their bishop with a large coffin of cypress wood for his own use. The Prelate, though in his sixties, is in excellent health. It is a sign of special piety, however, if Chinese children present to their parents while they are still living, a large beautiful coffin—a result of the ancient Chinese custom of ancestor worship—From *The Bulletin*, National Catholic Women's Union.

CONGRATULATIONS

We congratulate the White Fathers of Africa on the recent publication of their new magazine, **White Fathers Missions**. It is published by the fathers of the American foundation who have recently established a novitiate at Alexandria Bay, N. Y. We wish them all success and many blessings in their new undertaking.

R. I. H.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Very Rev. John M. Beierschmidt,
C.S.S.R., New York City

Rev. William J. Eline, S.J., Patna,
India

Sister Thomas Marie, S.N.D.,
Washington, D.C.

Miss Agnes J. Regan, Washing-
ton, D.C.

Miss Mary McCorriston, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

Mr. Leonard Rielley, Minneapolis,
Minn.

May their souls and all the souls
of the faithful departed rest in
peace. Amen.

"We Thank You" - -



This young Punjabi mother and her children smile a "thank you" for the care given them at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi.

Please help them now
by contributing to the
new Holy Family Hospital Fund
for Rawalpindi, India.

●
Your donation
has helped many
such as these.

BUT ---

●
for all those still in need —
for all those
"waiting for a bed"
at Holy Family Hospital
we ask your continued
assistance.

●
Mother Anna Dengel
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

Enclosed please find \$.....
as my contribution to your Holy
Family Hospital Fund for Rawalpindi.

Very sincerely,
.....